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cupboard it was attached to, you risked hitting yourself in the head. You couldn't open it more than half way. You couldn't open the next cupboard more than halfway either, without running into it.

Without adding anything to the convenience and efficiency of our kitchen she'd removed a quarter of our cupboard space and a third of our counter-top. It was a triumph of bad thinking and worse construction. Our regular maintenance man couldn't have done it worse. Babs was so proud of herself she expected praise during shift change. We'd none to offer.

Babs also made changes to the office. Most of the female workers were short and fat. One of the workers from the hospital used to visit us every Friday with the "meds" for half a dozen tenants. One afternoon he sat down on one of our crummy black office chairs. He leaned back and nearly went horizontal. He laughed as he sat up and tightened the chair. Must be female staff around here, he said. Female staff being optimistic, I said.

Babs complained she couldn't reach the videos that were stored in the tall bookshelves to the right of our fake fireplace. So she wrecked the fireplace too, by bolting a cheap bookshelf to the right end of the mantle. It wasn't as high as the original shelf, and the tapes were out of the way ("where they belonged").